PANDORA,

The Musyque of the beautie, of his Mistresse *Diana*.

Composed by *John Soowthern* Gentleman, and dedicated to the right *Honorable*, Edward Deuer, *Earle* of *Oxenford*, *&c.* 1584. Iune. 20.

Non careo patria, Me caret Illa magis.

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To the ryght honou=
rable the Earle of Oxenford. &c.

Ode. 1. *Strophe*. 1.

THis earth, is the nouriſhing teate,
As well that deliuers to eate:
As els throwes out all that we can
Deuiſe, that ſhould be na defull foꝛe
The health, of oꝛ diſeaſe oꝛ ſoꝛe,
The houſhold companions of man.
And this earth, hath hearbes ſoueraine,
To empeach ſickneſſes ſodaine,
If they be well aptlie applide.
And this yearth, ſpues vp many a bꝛeuage,
Of which if we knew well the vſage:
Would foꝛce the foꝛce Acherontide.
Bꝛæfe, it lendes vs all that we haue,
With to liue: and it is our graue.
But with all this, yet cannot giue,
Vs fayꝛe renowmes, when we be dead.
And in dæde they are onelie made,
By our owne vertues whiles we liue.

Antiſtrophe.

¶And Marbles (all be they ſo ſtrong,)
Cannot maintaine our renowmes long:
And neither they be but abuſes,
To thinke that other thinges haue puiſſaunce,
To make foꝛ time any reſiſtaunce,
Saue onelie the well ſinging Muſes.
And the fayꝛe Muſes that prouide,
Foꝛ the wiſe, an immoꝛtall name:

Ode.

Do neuer garnishe any head.
With Lawrell, by hearesay of Fame.
For euerie one that can rime,
Must not thinke to triumph on time.
For they giue not their Diuine furie,
To euerie doting troupe that comes.
Nor the touch of eu'rie ones thommes,
Is not of an eternall durie.

Epode.

¶ No, no, the high finger is hée
Alone: that in the ende must bée
Made proude, with a garland lyke this,
And not eu'rie ryming nouice,
That writes with small wit, and much paine:
And the (Gods knowe) idiot in vaine,
For it's not the way to Parnasse,
Nor it wyll neither come to passe,
If it be not in some wise fiction,
And of an ingenious inuension:
And infanted with pleasant trauaill,
For it alone must win the Laurell.
And onelie the Poet well borne,
Must be he that goes to Parnassus:
And not these companies of Asses,
That haue brought verce almost to scorne.

Strophe. 2.

¶ Waking speake (her with a swéete brute)
The ten diuers tongues of my Lute,
I will Fredone in thy honour,
These renowmed songs of Pindar:
And immitate for thée *Deuer*,
Horace, that braue Latine Harper.

And

Ode.

And ſtand vp Nymphes Aganapide,
Stand vp my wantons Parnaſside,
Stand vp wantons and that we ſing,
A newe dittie Calaborois,
To the Iban harpe Thebanois,
That had ſuch a murmuring ſtring.
For I will ſhewt, hære with my verces,
(Following the auncient traces)
As high vp to the ayre this Hymne,
(With a ſtrong bowe and armes, preſumptious)
As *Deuer* is both wiſe and vertuous,
And as of my Harpe, he is digne.

Antiſtrophe.

¶ Muſes, you haue had of your father,
Onelie, the particuler fauer,
To kæpe fro the ræue enfernall:
And therefore my wantons come ſing,
Vpon your moſt beſt ſpeaking ſtring,
His name that doth chæriſhe you all.
Come Nimphes while I haue a deſire,
To ſtrike on a well ſounding Lyre,
Of our vertues *Deuer* the name.
Deuer, that had giuen him in parte:
The Loue, the Warre, Honour, and Arte,
And with them an eternall Fame.
Come Nimphes, your puiſſaunce is diuine:
And to thoſe that you ſhew no fauour,
Quicklie they are depriude of honour,
And ſlaues to the chaines Coſitine.

Epode,

¶ Amongſt our well renowmed men,
Deuer merits a ſyluer pen,

Ode.

Eternally to write his honour,
And I in a well polisht verse,
Can set vp in our Vniuerse,
A Fame, to endure for euer.
And fylde with a Furiæ extreme,
Vpon a well superbus ryme:
(On a ryme, and both streng and true)
I wyll (*Deuer*) pushe thy louanges,
To the eares of people estraunges:
And rauishe them with thy vertue.
But in trueth I vse but to sing,
After the well intuned string,
Of eyther of the great Prophêts,
Or Thebain, or Calaborois:
Of whether of whome yet the voice,
Hath not bëene knowne to our Poëts.

Strophe. 3.

¶ But what shall I beginne to touch:
O Muses what haue I begunne,
But speake wantons, what haue I donne:
Take it of the charge is too much.
No, no, if I would there were made,
I could take an entyre Iliade,
Of onelie his noble antiquitie.
But his vertues would blushe with shame:
If I should not by his owne name,
Giue him a laudë to our posteritie.
But if I will thus like Pindar,
In many discourses Egar,
Before I wyll come to my point:
Or, or touch his infinitie
Of vertues, in this Poiesie,
Our song wyll neuer be conioint.

An-

Ode.

Antistrophe.

¶ For who marketh better then hée,
The seuen turning flames of the Skie:
Or hath read more of the antique.
Hath greater knowledge in the tongues:
Or vnderstandes soner the sownes,
Of the learner to loue Musique.
Or else who hath a fayrer grace,
In the Centauriane arte of Thrace,
Halfe-horse, halfe-man, and with lesse paine,
Doth bring the Courser, indomtable,
To yéeld to the raynes of his bridle:
Vaulting, on the edge of a plaine.
And it pleases me to saye tw,
(With a louange, I protest true)
That in England we cannot sée,
Any thing lyke *Deuer*, but hée.
Onelie himselfe he must resemble,
Vertues so much in him assemble.

Epode.

¶ And nought escapes out of my hand,
In this Ode, but it's veritée:
And heere I sweare *Deuer* tis thée,
That art ornament of England.
Vaunting me againe of this thing:
Which is, that I shall neuer sing,
A man so much honoured as thée,
And both of the Muses and mée.
And when I gette the spoyle of Thebes,
Hauing charged it on my shoulders.
In verses exempte fro the webbes,
Of the ruinous Filandinge systers:

Ode.

I promiſe to builde thée a glorie,
That ſhall euer liue in memorie.

¶ In meane while, take this lyttle thing:
But as ſmall as it is: *Deuere*,
Vaunt vs that neuer man before,
Now in England, knewe Pindars ſtring.

Non careo patria, Me caret Illa magis.

Sonnet to the Reader.

THou find'ſt not heere, neither the furious alarmes,
Of the pride of *Spaine*, or ſubtilnes of *France*:
Nor of the rude Engliſh, or mutine *Almanes*:
Nor neither of *Naples*, noble men of armes.
No, an Infant, and that yet ſurmounteth Knights:
Hath both vanquiſhed me, and alſo my Muſe.
And vvere it not: this is a lawfull excuſe.
If thou hearſt not the report, of their great fights,
Thou ſhalt ſee no death of any valliant ſoldier,
And yet I ſing the beauty of a fierce vvarrier.
And amore alone I muſt ſtrike on my *Leer*,
And but *Eroto* I knowe no other Muſe.
And harke all you that are lyke vs amourous,
And you that are not, goe read ſome other where.

Sonnets. 1. *To his Myſtreſſe* Diana.

THis fyrſt to you Dian, that I haue togethers,
Giuen me and my voice, making you the Idoll:
To which I offer both the body and ſoule,
Of theſe teares of my eyes, that fall heere like riuers.

But

But in some thinges fabelous, you must be content
To see what it is, of vs Louers the flame,
And reade you must vnder a Goddesses name,
Of your beates the deiycate ornament.
And where as these which are to apayse your cruelties:
Shall not proscribe well, your excellent rareties.
Excuse mee Nymphe, as you would haue in some astre,
Of heauen your fayre semblance: for I doo not meane,
To sing you now: but Dian, when you haue bene,
More gratious vnto mée: I wyll sing you better.

Sonnet. 2.

The Gréke Poet to whome Bathill was the guide,
Made her immortall, by that which he did sing:
And (were it so I knowe not but) of Corine,
We faine the patrone of the Latine Ouide.
And since them (Petrarque) a wise Florentine,
Hath turnde his Mistres into a tree of Baye.
And he that soong the eldest daughter of Troye,
In Fraunce hath made of her, an astre Diuine.
And lyke these knowne men, can your Soothern, wyte tw:
And as long as Englishe lasts, immortall you.
I the penne of Soothern will my fayre Diana,
Make thée immortall: if thou wilt giue him fauour:
For then hé'll sing Petrark, Tien, Ouide, Ronsar:
And make thee Cassander, Corine, Bathyll, Laura.

Sonnet. 3.

That death that despises at all kinde of beautie,
And would make all loue, goe into Charons passage:
Would haue hit the eyes, wherein I liue in seruage:
The eyes both to fayre, and too full of crueltie.
But Cupid that styll in those eyes was indompted:
The infant knew well, where after this death sought:
And began to crie (death) if thou ende thy thought,
We shall neither of vs, be againe redoubted.
But (death) if thou let me liue in these eyes styll:
Thou shalt sée (O then) how nobelly I wyll.

Hoyſt thy honour? foꝛ I haue not halfe thy might,
And yet in theſe eyes, I conquer all the woꝛld:
Death hearing this, let him liue ſtyll in the ſyght:
Fro whence he ſhewteth ſuch ſharpe arrowes of gold.

Sonnet. 4.

When nature made my Diana, that beforꝛe
All other Nymphes: ſhowld foꝛce the hearts rebellant:
She gaue her the maſſe, of beauties excellent,
That ſhe keepe ſince long, in her coffers in ſtoꝛe.
And at her framing, Paphæ came fro the ſkies,
with the ſweetnes, and graces, of Erycéene:
And ſwoꝛe that it ſhould make her ſo fayꝛe a Queéne,
Of beautie: that the Gods ſhould dwell in her eyes.
But ſhe hardlie was come to vs, fro aboue:
Though? but my ſoule was inflamed with her loue.
And I ſerue her in ſpite of the troupe Celeſt.
Foꝛ tell mee? why did not they lykewiſe oꝛdaine:
That in reward of my loue, ſhe ſhewd againe,
Eſteéme me onely, and onely, loue me beſt.

Sonnet. 5.

Of ſtars, and of foꝛreſts, Dian, is the honoꝛ:
And to the ſeas, to the Goddeſſe, is the guide:
And ſhe hath Luna, Charon, and Eumenîde:
To make bꝛightnes, to giue death, and to cauſe hoꝛꝛoꝛ.
And my warrier, my light, ſhines in thy fayꝛe eyes:
My dꝛead is of theé, the to great excellence:
Thy woꝛdes kyll mee: and thus thou haſt the puiſſaunce,
Of her that ruies the flodes, and lyghtnes the ſkies.
And as ſyluer Pheb, is the aſter, moſt clare:
So is thy beauty, the beauty, the moſt rare.
Wheꝛefoꝛe I call theé Dian, foꝛ thy beautee,
Foꝛ thy wiſedome, and foꝛ thy puiſſaunce Celeſt.
And yet thou muſt be but a Goddeſſe tereſt:
And onely becauſe of thy great cꝛueltéé.

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 6.

Of Pyladeus, and of Oresteus, we haue
made many disputes, in the temple of death:
And in the Church of Troy, we proue Choreb's faith,
Who made for Cassander, his harnes, his graue.
And there is one, on the mountaine Caucasein,
With an Eagle, on his heart Philosophâll.
And there is a stone of a mad Cisyphâll,
Leakt alwayes behind him, and caried in vaine.
These temples, and this roche, is in my obiect:
The church is my soule, the flint is my subiect.
My verses are the labours of Sisyphêus:
And for willing shew your fayre beauties, its vaine.
Of Prômet, for not canning. I haue the paine:
Th'Eagle's cruell, and (Nymphe) you are rigrous.

Sonnet. 7.

I Am not (my cruell warrier) the Thebâin,
That my infancie, should be strangled with Serpents:
Nor neither did my nurse giue thée any torments:
nor I suckt neither Vropæ, nor Elthâin.
I came not (my warrier) of the blood Lidain:
Nor neyther am I of the race, of Ixiôn:
Nor loue, neither bare my mother, affection:
Nor I am no infant Egier, nor Danain.
Nor I am neither the nephew of Atlas,
That made the earth dronke, with the blood of Argus:
But yet I know wherefore I haue all my wounds.
I am none of these which I haue sayd (Diân)
But I am that verie miserable man,
who for regarding thée, was eaten of Hounds.

Elegia. 1. *To the Echon.*

O Dolefull voice, that dost answer,
The weepings of my care:
And that heere in these mozie groues,
Hast pittie on my dolance,

And that of whome the emptie mouth,
(At leaſt) doth make a ſemblaunce,
To ſéele my wounds that procéede of
Two eyes, to gréene, and layze.
O ſpeake ſince thou canſt not liue ex-
cept I ſhall giue the brethe:
And ſince my gréeuous voice, is ons-
lie the nurce of thy ſteme:
I crying Dian, why makeſt thou
Dye Iohn, aunſwer agen:
Wouldſt thou I lou'de no moze,
Or dwſt thou Prophesie my death.
O noble Nymph tell mée, oz dwſt
Thou now inflame againe,
With the antiqueus amoz, that
Thou louedſt ſo in vaine.
Oz is it that remembzing my
Loue, I ſhould pittie thine.
Foz the like dollоz that thou hadſt,
Euen the like do I ſuffer:
And the like amoze that thou hadſt,
The like to mæ doth offer:
Saue that thy loue was not ſo layze,
Noz ſo cruelly as mine.

Elegia. 2. *To the Gods.*

When the eye of the woꝛld doth waſhe,
his golden ſhining heaire,
In the large Occean ſeas: and that
They haue couerd the lyght:
A murmuring repoſe, and a
Reſtfull and ſléepy night,
Is ſpzeded both ouer the earth,
The waters and the ayze.

But

But I chaunge nature then? For than,
Doth my brightest Aurôr,
In a swéete dreame present her selfe,
O dreame, no dreame: but well,
The Ambrozie, the Nectar, and
The Manna, Eternell.
And to be bréefe, a vision that
I lyke a God adore.
Wherefore farewell, day of nights, and
Welcome night waking daye:
And farewell waking, of my slæpe,
Welcome slæpe, lyuing ioye.
But what say I, my wealth is false,
And my euill verita-ble:
And I plaine of them both, for I
Haue in neither delight:
Except ye Gods will short these dayes,
And eternishe this night:
And that God that will dw it, shall
be a God charita-ble.

Elegia. 3. *To his Diana.*

IF the secretnesse of my thoughtes,
Were opened to you,
Or if elſe my dolorous heart,
Had of speaking the vsage:
Or (warrier) if my constancie,
Were painted in my visage:
Or that if ye knewe my torment,
How it is great and true.
Or, or if any golden wordes,
In well composed verse,
Could liuelelie shewe the picture,
Of an amourous rage:

Then should I without doubt amo-
liſhe a Tigers courage.
And moue to pittie (warrier) if
it were the vniuerce.
But ſince wordes, neither can preſcribe
My amore, nor my paine:
Tyme ſhall it ſelfe, witneſſe how much
Both are in me certaine:
And that of my paſſioned ſoule,
The Diuine great loyalties:
Dw the ſacrednelle of all o-
thers, I of the Gods paſſe:
And more then the ſyluer maie-
ſties, of your Chriſtall face,
Underneath, tother Phebes, dw
Excell all other Beutæs.

Sonnet. 8.

THough I wiſh to haue your fauour, which is ſuch,
That it is but for Gods, thinke you my Audâce,
Like his that in your ſtéede, dyd a clowde imbrace:
Or his that was a harte, by ſéeing ſo much.
Or would you elſe becauſe of my hautaine thought,
That I might augment the Sepulchres of Thrace:
Or that I were as the giant Briarâs:
Or paide lyke the wagoner ſo euelie taught.
Nor lybertie, Rome, thy wrath the ſeas (Diâa)
Greéke, Pirats? thy merie Muſt ſaue Arîon.
Or if thou wylt none of theſe aforeſayde thinges:
Becauſe thou ſayſt: that my mindes are ſet ſo high,
If thou thinkſt I beginne lyke Icár to flie:
Since th'eyes are my ſonne, let thy loue be my winges.

Sonnets. 9.

IT is after our deathes, a thing mani-feſt,
We bothe goe to hell, and ſuffer helliſhe paines:

you

You, for your rigour, I, for my thoughts hautaines,
That attempt to loue a Goddesse so Celest.
But as for mee I shall be lyttle afflicted,
Tis you (my warrier) that must haue the torment:
For I that but, in seeing you am content:
you, with mee, I'll bleesse the place so much detested.
And my soule that is raued with your fayre eyes,
In the midst of hell, will establishe, a skeyes:
Making my bright day, in the eternall night.
And when all the damned else are in annoy:
I'll smyle in that glorie, seeing you my ioy:
And being once there, goe not out of our sight.

Sonnet. 10.

THe heauens willing shew fauour among our paines.
And to make both runne, of my weeping the streame:
And also eternall, your rigor extreame:
turne your heart, to rocke, and my eyes to fountaynes:
And Cupid doth bathe him in my syluer ryuers:
And being come out, of the flodes, of my yll:
He flies to your rocke, where as vpon a hyll,
The lyttle wanton, doth prime, and rowse his feathers.
But when thy winter comes, and that thou art olde,
Felling thy rocke-hart, vnder his tallons colde:
He'll byd thee adieu with an eternall farewell.
And then thou hast fayre to say Loue is a rage:
Olde folke say so, cause Cupid doth abhorre age:
But were they lou'de then, I doubt th'ed not be cruell.

Elegia. 4. *To the prisoners.*

CVpid hath swelde my stomacke, with
On such a sacred poyson,
And I am in Duæne Venus fet-
ters, so well entertained:

That

That lyke a captiue, languiſhing,
And with dolour, tormented,
I thinke my ſelfe well happy, to
Be in a Womans priſon.
Now? As for you wretches that no-
thing, but tyrons can puniſhe,
If you lyſt you may haue a hope,
to be at lyber-tie:
But as for mée? I tell you, I'll
die in captiui-tie:
Conſuming héere in the quicke-ſil-
uer-fayre-eyes of my Goddeſſe,
And well I am contented in-
déede, with her extréeme rigore.
Swearing, that I neuer fell in
My ſoule ſo great a dolore,
As when I thinke for her likewiſe,
Some other ſhould haue paſſion.
And with all this ſo, yet I haue
Neither loſt all my iudgement:
For we ſaye that man is happy,
onelie, that is well content,
And I tell you, (you wretches) it
is all my contentation.

Elegia. 5. *To his thoughts.*

My thoughts, to full of thought, to thought-
full thoughts giue now? Repoſe,
Both to my dolefull ſoule, and to
my hope that is in vaine:
For well though my teares drop, fro my
eyes like a ſwift fountaine:

Murmuring my Alas: she hearke-
neth not to my propose.
My thoughts, too full of thought, and too
Farre engrau'n in my heart.
My thoughts too full of thought, that giue
mee ouer to my dolore:
My thoughts too thoughtfull, if you pro-
pose yet any more langore:
My thought full thoughts, (O Gods) doo ad-
uaunce therewithall my mort.
And Opinastres thoughts the cau-
lers of my extreeme paines.
And thoughts that boyle this sulfer hu-
mor in my droping vaines.
Speake thoughtfull thoughts, why feede you me
With this Abiit esperaunce,
When possessing the ioye, of which
I haue had such desyres:
And for Idolling the fayre eyes,
In which are my plasyres:
In the end thoughtes, for reward thought
Doth breede mee a repentaunce.

Elegia. 6. *To his* Diana.

My hope doth tell mee, that after
This great rigour, of you:
I shall with sacred guerdons,
Be recom-pensed for wrong:
Shewing mee that I merite it,
Being patience so long.
But this imagind hope, (my cru-
ell warrier) is it true,
My hope doth tell mee too (Diana)
That your Diuine beau-tie,

Cannot be accompanied with
Such crueltie as thine.
But what is't (my angrie warrier)
That yeldes this plague of mine:
Fortune? or the origene of
The cause of cru-eltie.
My hope doth tell mée too (my warrier) that my dolefull langore:
Will in a patient ende, amolithe your extréme great rigore:
The which all if it can, when your
Mothers gone we shall trie,
But if it cannot doo it then,
But would yet féede mée styll,
With pasties of time: I'll giue ou'r:
And eu'r after I will,
Estéeme our Fortune, too much lowe,
For a hope set so high.

Sonnet. 11.

HE that was the first, that put these lyttie winges,
On the backe of amore, that high God immortell:
He might better haue had employed his pensell,
To paint hopping butterflyes, or Genny wrens.
But if in place of them, the doting fole had
Painted his fierce bowe, and his rigorous drartes,
And shewde what kinde of thinges, are his golden shaftes:
Then had he béene apt to haue painted a God.
And you that paint next, you must vse other colore:
wherewith you may better shew his diuine rigore:
And for his bowe, giue him a great harquebous.
Or beléeue you not, goe and looke on Diân,
And hauing séene her fayre eyes, I estéeme than,
you'll giue him some thing more then it rigorous.

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 12.

AEnêas, Orphêus, Cephall, and Demophôn:
Of Pocris, of Eurydice, Phyllis, and Creuſe:
Haue made complaintes, as they haue bêne amorous,
Saying, theyr miſtreſſes, did dow them all wrong,
Though they themſelues to theyr loues, did all amiſſe,
For one gaue Phyllis, a poore mournefull ſe-quell,
And th'other, left Procris, in the vall's of hell,
And with t'others fault, di-ed Euridice.
Aenêas, the laſt was thought to haue leaſt fault,
Though the preſumption is yet great for all that.
But (Dian) pou knoe (Dian) pour amourous,
Hath not learned lyke any of them Protê.
Though pou are Demoph, Cephall, Orpheus, Aenê:
And he be Eurid, Phyllis, Procris, and Creuſe.

Sonnets. 13.

HE that wyll be ſubiect to Cupidos call,
Is chaungd euerie day, I dow not knoe how.
And of this, I my ſelfe haue made prowes enowe.
As Metamorphoſd, but wot not wherewithall,
Fyrſt? I was turned to a wandering Harte,
And ſawe my ſtomacke pierſt with a dolefull arrow.
Nert? Into a Swan, and with a note of ſorrowe.
I forefong my death, in Elegicall arte.
Since that, to a Flowre, and ſince withered away:
Since that, to a Fountaine, and ſince, I am drie:
And now that Salamander, liue in my flame.
But ye Gods, if euer I haue my owne choyce,
I wyll be turn'd, into a well ſinging boyce:
And there in louange, the fayre eyes of Ma-dame.

Ode. 2. to his *Diana*. *Strophe*

AS the little Meliſſet flyes,
(Wanton enfantines of the Skyes)

With their thæuiſhe prætie tongettes,
Take the beſt of the fayreſt blomes,
Maſoning it on their thyettes,
And therewith build their honny commes.
Euenſo with a ſprite vigelant,
I robbe hære, the moſt excellant
Bloſſomes: in the garden Thebêin.
And will that through the vniuerce,
The honny deſtyld in my verce:
Weare out theſe fayre græne eies of thine.
And I will that our England ſée,
By this Nectar, that I let fall
On thee to annoint thee with all,
What kinde of beauties are in thée.

Antiſtrophe.

All the ſuperbus frontiſpilles,
And all the threatning ediffices,
And all the high buildinges are loſt,
Of Corinthia, in pride extréeme.
But that which their Poets did boſt,
will euer triumph ouer tyme.
I golde is Eliths Palaſe:
And golde is the Church of Parnaſſe:
And thoſe that can enter therein,
Happy are they, and euer ſhall
Treade on the blacke roſe enfernall,
Liuing with the enfant Troyen,
That fylles the Nectar Olympien,
Into the great cope of the God,
That thondred the menacing head,
Of the high Orgullus Phlegren.

What

Diana.

What, what, my fo cruell Diana,
A number haue excelde in Beautæ:
And yet it is onelie Hellina,
That lyues: and where in saue in Poisæ.

Epode.

But thou for whome I writ so well:
And that I wyll make eternell.
And thou for whome my holie paines,
Doth chase ignorannce held so long:
Conioyning in a vulgar song:
The secretes, both Grækes, and Lataines.
Think'st thou it is nothing, to haue
The penne of Soothern for thy trompet.
Yes, yes, to whome Soothern is Poëte,
The honour goes not to the graue.
And Iuno, it's an other thing,
To heare a well learned voice sing,
Or to see workes of a wise hand:
Then it's to heare our doting rimors,
Whose labours do bring both dishonors,
To themselues, and to our England.

FINIS.

Foure Epytaphes,

made by the Countes of *Oxenford*,

after the death of her young Sonne,
the Lord Bulbecke, &c.

HAd with mowrning the Gods, left their willes vndon,
They had not so sone herited such a soule:
Or if the mouth, tyme dyd not glotton vp all.
Nor I, nor the world, were depriu'd of my Sonne,
Whose brest Venus, with a face dolefull and milde,
Doth washe with golden teares, inueying the skies:
And when the water of the Goddesses eyes,
Makes almost aliue, the Marble, of my Childe:
One byds her leaue styll, her dollor so extreme,
Telling her it is not, her young sonne Papheme,
To which she makes aunswer with a voice inflamed,
(Feeling therewith her venime, to be more bitter)
As I was of Cupid, euen so of it mother:
„ And a womans last chylde, is the most beloued.

An other.

IN dolefull wayes I spend the wealth of my time:
Feeding on my heart, that euer comes agen.
Since the ordinaunce, of the Destin's, hath ben,
To end of the Saissons, of my yeeres the prime.
With my Sõne, my Gold, my Nightingale, and Rose,
Is gone: for t'was in him and no other where:
And well though mine eies run downe like fountaines
The stone wil not speak yet, that doth it inclose. (here,
And Destins, and Gods, you might rather haue tanne,
My twentie yeeres: then the two daies of my sonne.

Gold, the best of all mettelles. Nightingale, the sweetest of all byrdes. And Roses the fairest of all flowers.

And

And of this woꝛld what shall I hope, since I knoe,
That in his respect, it can yéld me but mosse:
Oꝛ what should I consume any mꝛe in woe,
When Deskins, Gods, and woꝛlds, are all in my losse.

Another.

The heuens, death, and life: haue coniured my yll:
Foꝛ death hath take away the bꝛeath of my sonne:
The heuens receue, and consent, that he hath donne:
And my life doth kéepe mée heere against my will.
But if our life be caus'de with moisture and heate.
I care neither foꝛ the death, the life, noꝛ skyes:
Foꝛ I'll sigh him warmth, and weat him with my eies:
(And thus I shall be thought a second Promẽt)
And as foꝛ life, let it doo me all despite:
Foꝛ if it leaue me, I shall goe to my childe:
And it in the heuens, there is all my delyght.
And if I liue, my vertue is immoꝛtall.
„ So that the heuens, death and life, when they doo all
„ Their foꝛce: by soꝛowfull vertue th'are beguild.

Another.

I Dall, foꝛ Adon, neu'r shed so many teares:
Noꝛ Thet', foꝛ Pelid: noꝛ Phœbus, foꝛ Hyacinthus:
Noꝛ foꝛ Atis, the mother of Propheteſſes:
As foꝛ the death of Bulbecke, the Gods haue cares.
At the bꝛute of it, the Aphroditan Muésne,
Caused moꝛe siluer to distyll fro her eyes:
Then when the dꝛoppes of her cheekes rayled Daisyes:
And to die with him, moꝛtall, she would haue bœne.
The Charits, foꝛ it bꝛeake their Peruqs, of golde:
The Muses, and the Nymphes of Caues: I beholde:

All

Epitaphes.

All the Gods vnder Olympus are constraint,
On Laches, Clothon, and Atropos to plaine.
And yet beautie, for it doth make no complaint:
For it liu'de with him, and died with him againe.

¶Others of the fowre last lynes, of other that she made also.

11 My Sonne is gone: and with it, death end my sorrow,
12 But death makes mee answere: Madame, cease these
13 My force is but on bodies of blod and bones: (mones:
14 And that of yours, is no more now, but a shadow.

Another.

11 Amphiôns wife was turned to a rocke. O
12 How well I had bëene, had I had such adventure,
13 For then I might againe haue bëene the Sepulcure,
14 Of him that I bare in mæ, so long ago.

FINIS.

Epitaph

Epitaph, made by the Queenes Maieſtie, at the death of the Princeſſe of *Eſpinoye.*

When the warrier Phœbus, goth to make his round,
With a painefull courſe, to tw ther Hemiſphêre:
A darke ſhadowe, a great horror, and a feare,
In I knoe not what clowdes inueron the ground.
And euen ſo for Pinoy, that fayre vertues Lady,
(Although Iupiter haue in this Orizôn,
Made a ſtarre of her, by the Ariadnan crowne)
Morns, dolour, and greefe, accompany our body.
O Atropos, thou haſt done a worke per-uerſt.
And as a byrde that hath loſt both young, and neſt:
About the place where it was, makes many a tourne.
Euen ſo doth Cupid, that infaunt, God, of amore,
Flie about the tombe, where ſhe lyes all in dolore,
Weeping for her eies, wherein he made ſoiourne.

FINIS.

Verſes taken out of his *Stanſes, Hymnes*, and *Elegias*: all dedicated or ſent to his Miſtreſſe *Diana.*

IN which you aſk't my name (confeſſe
your ſelfe, if't be not ſo) *Elegia.*
And whether I before, had e
uer beene in loue or no.

My name, quoth I, is Soothern, and
Madame, let that suffice:
That Soothern which will rayse the Eng-
lishe language to the Skies.
The wanton of the Muses, and
Whose well composed ryme,
Will liue in despite of the heuens,
And Triumph ouer tyme. &c.

Elegia. „ But how farre are the wordes contra-
„ rie to the dædes of men.
The selfe same night I went where I
admyred you agen.
Your syluer Phebes eyes, and your
Well set and crisped heair:
Your Venus porte, and your counte-
naunce of the God of war:
Your Iuan throte, your marble brow,
With your soft cheekes of Roses:
And your Straberie lyps, wherein
Your teeth of pearle reposes.
Breefe, I saw you (Dian) in whome
The Gods did all their best,
To see what they could doo, when they
Would frame a worke Celest. &c.

Elegia. „ But how vaine and short are the de-
„ lightes and plasires humaine.
„ And of the solace of this world:
„ What else doth there remaine,
„ Sauing but repentaunce: and what
„ Is it that beareth breath,
„ But by the hauing life, it is
„ Subiected vnto death. &c.

„ The

„ The more stronger the Castle is, *Himne.*
„ And harder to be wonne,
„ The more eternall honour hath,
„ The man that can get it.
„ And vertue neuer will giue ou'r,
„ Without a great conflict. &c.

„ To iudge a Humaine heart tis a *Himne.*
„ Labyrinth, much vnwide,
„ Wherein we lose vs, if we haue
„ Not experaunce for guide. &c.

„ The woman nere so constaunt, or *Elegia.*
„ the Castle nere so strong:
„ If th'one will heare, and th'other speake,
„ They do not endure long. &c.

¶ New kinde of verces deuised by him: *and are a wofull kinde of meter, to* sing a loue, or death in.

Like the dolefull birde languishing,
the which doth sing,
Her fatall song in sweete accordes,
Betaking her selfe to her death,
wearie of breath:
On Meander her florie bordes.
And euen so I, without hope that
it helpes me ought,
Wedew thy handes, heere with my teares:
For I perceiue by thy rigore,
that-to my dolore:
The Gods themselues haue stopt their eares.
Though speake Dian, what might thou meane,
by this extreame.

Diana.

Crueltie, hauing such Diuine
Fayre eyes: Dost thou thinke that when death,
hath toke my breath:
That I will ende these cries of mine,
No, no, thou art deceiu'd for then,
my spirite agen,
Shall followe thée fro place to place,
Exclayming on thy crueltie,
voide of pittie. &c.

FINIS.

Ode.

COme, come Simonid, and Anacreon,
Come and laye your money to mine:
And let vs goe and finde out Corydon:
And be once dronke with new wine.
Boye: bring hyther the greatest glasse,
And fyll, though it runne tyll to morrowe.
Heere holde my Anacre-on quasse,
When we are dronke, we haue no sorrowe.
But first I would thy Bathyll were
Come with her Lute, that we might daunce.
And that our olde Ronsard of Fraunce,
With his Cassandra to were here.
And what sayst Simon'd shall we send,
For our Wenches, now at beginning:
Hâ, he that lones not Wine, and Women,
Will neuer make a holsome ende.

Odellet.

Odellets.

Odellet.

Dian, if it might come to paſſe:
Or that I might haue my deſire:
I would to the Gods that I were,
Turned into thy looking Glaſſe.
Or to the pillowe of this head:
Whereon thou layſt thy daintie head.
Or to water, that I might waſh thee:
Or to thy roabe, that thou mightſt weare mee:
Or that hang here on thy teatine,
I would I were theſe pearles of thine.
Or my Dian, to tell thee true,
I would I could be but thy ſhew.

Odellet.

Some will ſing the great feates of Armes
of Rome: ſome other the alarmes
of Thebs: and ſome other of Troye,
And both the ſledge, and the ekroye.
But what haue I to doe with warriers:
Peddle I then with thoſe that fit:
No, no, I nere hurt any yet:
Nor nere men to come among ſoldiers.
I care not for the Thracian God:
I am no man that ſeeketh blood:
But like the olde Poët Annacron,
It pleaſes mee well to be Biberon.
And thus in a Seller to quaffe,
So that ſome Wench be by to lauffe.
And with Bacchus, and Citherais,
I meane to ſpend all my whole dayes.

Odellets.

Odellet.

BOy: reach hyther the bottle, that
I may taſte of thy crimſon lycor:
For when I am in any dolor,
It onelie reioyces my heart.
The deuill made money I thinke:
For without money, what a liuing,
Haue we that ſerue couetous women:
And without it we can not drinke.
Learning is not now worth a penny,
And theſe wiues care for no fayre lokes,
And what ſhall a man do with Bookes.
Faith hang, if he can get no mony.

Odellet.

BVt why ſince, death will not retard,
For any gift that we her offer:
My dyolle, what helpes it to gard,
This golde, a rouſting in a coffer.
Is't not better that whiles we liue,
We giue our ſelues to learning: when
Better then ought elſe we can giue,
(Dead) it makes vs to reuiue agen.

FINIS.

Stanſſe.

Stanſſe.

Dieus que ie hay (ronſard) qui rien ne ſe propoze,
Qu' a tromper vne amour d'un lãguage allechant,
Dian ie vos pry aiez loreille e cloze,
Affin de n'ouyr point la doulceur de ſon chant.
Non ie hay plus que mort ſa Caſandre implacable,
Au cœur ou le Burin d'une douce Pitye,
Ne ſeut grauer benin vn ſeull trait d'amytie,
„ Car on doibt payer l'amour d'une amitye ſemblable.

Quadran.

Lon ne peut iuger leſant dans le viſage,
Sy l'amant eſt fidelle, ou volage, en amoure:
Pour le ſcauoir au vray fueilletez le Courage,
„ Car la durable amytye ne ſe preuue en vn ioure.

Quadran.

Non non, Ie ne tiens point pour guerrier valeureux,
Vng tas de ieunes ſots qui ventant leur Vaillance,
„ Au fruit on congnoiſt larbre: a la perſeuerance,
„ Lon remarque anſſi toſt vn gallant amoureus.

FINIS.